

*Ces.* Which is the Queene of Egypt.  
*Dol.* It is the Emperour Madam.  
*Cesar.* Arise, you shall not kneele:  
 I pray you rise, rise Egypt.  
*Cleo.* Sir, the Gods will have it thus,  
 My Master and my Lord I must obey,  
*Cesar.* Take to you no hard thoughts,  
 The Record of what injuries you did vs,  
 Though written in our flesh, we shall remember  
 As things but done by chance.  
*Cleo.* Sole Sir o'th' World,  
 I cannot protect mine owne cause so well  
 To make it cleare, but do confesse I haue  
 Bene laden with like frailties, which before  
 Haue often sham'd our Sex.  
*Cesar.* *Cleopatra* know,  
 We will extenuate rather then enforce:  
 If you apply your selfe to our intents,  
 Which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde  
 A benefit in this change: but if you seeke  
 To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking  
*Antonies* course, you shall bereaue your selfe  
 Of my good purposes, and put your children  
 To that destruction which Ie guard them from,  
 If thereon you relye. He take my leave.  
*Cleo.* And may through all the world: tis yours, & we  
 your Scutcheons, and your signes of Conquest shall  
 Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord.  
*Cesar.* You shall aduise me in all for *Cleopatra*.  
*Cleo.* This is the breese: of Money, Plate, & Jewels  
 I am posselt of, tis exactly valowed,  
 Nor petty things admittred. Where's *Selencus*?  
*Selen.* Heere Madam.  
*Cleo.* This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord)  
 Vpon his perill, that I haue refer'd  
 To my selfe nothing. Speake the truth *Selencus*.  
*Selen.* Madam, I had rather seele my lippes,  
 Then to my perill speake that which is not.  
*Cleo.* What haue I kept backe.  
*Sel.* Enough to purchase what you haue made known  
*Cesar.* Nay blush not *Cleopatra*, I approue  
 Your Wisedome in the deede.  
*Cleo.* See *Cesar*: Oh behold,  
 How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours,  
 And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.  
 The ingratitude of this *Selencus*, does  
 Euen make me wilde. Oh Slaue, of no more trust  
 Then loue that's hyrd? What goest thou backe, & shalt  
 Go backe I warrant thee: but Ie catch thine eyes  
 Though they had wings. Slaue, Soule-lesse, Villain, Dog,  
 Or rarely base!  
*Cesar.* Good Queene, Ie vs intreat you.  
*Cleo.* O *Cesar*, what a wounding shame is this,  
 That thou vouchsafing heere to visit me,  
 Doing the Honour of thy Lordlinesse  
 To one so meeke, that mine owne Seruant should  
 Parcell the summe of my disgraces, by  
 Addition of his Enuy. Say (good *Cesar*)  
 That I some Lady trifies haue refer'd,  
 Immoment royes, things of such Dignitie  
 As we geer moderne Friends withall, and say  
 Some Nobler token I haue kept apart  
 For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce  
 Their mediation, must I be vnfolded  
 With one that I haue bred: The Gods! it smites me  
 Beneath the fall I haue. Prythee go hence,

Or I shall shew the Cynders of my spirits  
 Through th' Ashes of my chance: Wer't thou a man,  
 Thou would'st haue mercy on me.  
*Cesar.* Forbeare *Selencus*.  
*Cleo.* Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought  
 For things that others do: and when we fall,  
 We answer others merits, in our name  
 Are therefore to be pittied.  
*Cesar.* *Cleopatra*,  
 Not what you haue refer'd, nor what acknowledg'd  
 Put we th' Roll of Conquest: still bee't yours,  
 Bestow it at your pleasure, and beleuee  
*Cesar* no Merchant, to make prize with you  
 Of things that Merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd,  
 Make not your thoughts your prisons: No deere Queen,  
 For we intend so to dispose you, as  
 Your selfe shall giue vs counsell: Feede, and sleepe:  
 Our care and pittie is so much vpon you,  
 That we remaine your Friend, and so adieu.  
*Cleo.* My Master, and my Lord.  
*Cesar.* Not so: Adieu. *Flourish.*  
*Excunt Cesar, and his Traines.*  
*Cleo.* He words me Gyries, he words me,  
 That I should not be Noble to my selfe.  
 But hearke thee *Charman*.  
*Iras.* Finish good Lady, the bright day is done,  
 And we are for the darke.  
*Cleo.* Hye th e againe,  
 I haue spoke already, and it is prouided,  
 Go put it to the haste.  
*Char.* Madam, I will.  
*Enter Dolabella.*  
*Dol.* Where's the Queene?  
*Char.* Behold sir.  
*Cleo.* *Dolabella*.  
*Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworne, by your command  
 (Which my loue makes Religion to obey)  
 I tell you this: *Cesar* through Syria  
 Intends his journey, and within three dayes,  
 You with your Children will be send before,  
 Make your best vse of this. I haue perform'd  
 Your pleasure, and my promise.  
*Cleo.* *Dolabella*, I shall remaine your debtor.  
*Dol.* I your Seruant:  
 Adieu good Queene, I must attend on *Cesar*. *Exit*  
*Cleo.* Farewell, and thanks.  
 Now *Iras*, what think'st thou?  
 Thou, an Egyptian Puppet shall be shewne  
 In Rome as well as I: Mechanicke Slaues  
 With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall  
 Vplift vs to the view. In their chicke breathes,  
 Ranke of grosse dyer, shall we be enclouded,  
 And forc'd to drinke their vapour.  
*Iras.* The Gods forbid,  
*Cleo.* Nay, tis most certaine *Iras*: sawcie Lictors  
 Will catch at vs like Strumpets, and scald Rimers  
 Ballads vs out a Tune. The quicke Comedians  
 Extemporally will stage vs, and present  
 Our Alexandrian Reuels: *Anthony*  
 Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see  
 Some squeaking *Cleopatra* Boy my greatness  
 I'th' posture of a Whore.  
*Iras.* O the good Gods!  
*Cleo.* Nay that's certaine.  
*Iras.* He neuer see't? For I am sure mine Nalles  
 Are stronger then mine eyes.

*Cleo.* Why that's the way to foole their preparation,  
 And to conquer their most absurd intents.  
*Enter Charman.*  
*No w' Charman.*  
 Shew me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch  
 My best Attires. I am againe for *Cidrus*,  
 To meeete *Marke Anthony*. Sirra *Iras*, go  
 (Now Noble *Charman*, wee'l dispatch indeede,) *A noise within.*  
 And when thou hast done this chare, Ie giue thee leaue  
 To play till Doomesday: bring our Crowne, and all.  
 Wherefore's this noise?  
*Enter a Guardisman.*  
*Guard.* Heere is a rurall Fellow,  
 That will not be deny'de your Highnesse presence,  
 He brings you Figges.  
*Cleo.* Let him come in. *Exit Guardisman.*  
 What poore an Instrument  
 May do a Noble deede: he brings me liberty:  
 My Resolution's plac'd, and I haue nothing  
 Of woman in me: Now from head to foote  
 I am Marble constant: now the fleeing Moone  
 No Planet is of mine.  
*Enter Guardisman, and Clowne.*  
*Guard.* This is the man.  
*Cleo.* A void, and leaue him. *Exit Guardisman.*  
 Hast thou the pretty worrne of Nylus there,  
 That killes and paines not?  
*Clow.* Truly I haue him: but I would not be the partie  
 That should desire you to touch him, for his byting is  
 immortal: those that doe dye of it, doe seldome or neuer  
 recouer.  
*Cleo.* Remember'st thou any that haue dyed on't?  
*Clow.* Very many, men and women too. I heard of  
 one of them no longer then yesterday, a very honest wo-  
 man, but something giuen to lye, as a woman should not  
 do, but in the way of honesty, how she dyed of the by-  
 ting of it, what paine she felt: Truly, she makes a verie  
 good report o'th' worrne: but he that wil beleuee all that  
 they say, shall neuer be faued by halfe that they do: but  
 this is most falliable, the Worrne's an odde Worrne.  
*Cleo.* Get thee hence, farewell.  
*Clow.* I wish you all ioy of the Worrne.  
*Cleo.* Farewell.  
*Clow.* You must thinke this (looke you,) that the  
 Worrne will do his kinde.  
*Cleo.* I, I, farewell.  
*Clow.* Looke you, the Worrne is not to bee trusted,  
 but in the keeping of wise people: for indeede, there is  
 no goodnesse in the Worrne.  
*Cleo.* Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.  
*Clow.* Very good: giue it nothing I pray you, for it  
 is not worth the feeding.  
*Cleo.* Will it eate me?  
*Clow.* You must not think I am so simple, but I know  
 the diuell himselfe will not eate a woman: I know, that  
 a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the diuell dresse her  
 not. But truly, these same whorson diuels doe the Gods  
 great harme in their women: for in euery tenne that they  
 make, the diuels marre fise.  
*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone, farewell.  
*Clow.* Yes forsooth: I wish you ioy o'th' worm. *Exit*  
*Cleo.* Giue me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue  
 Immortall longings in me. Now no more  
 The iuyce of Egypt's Grape shall moist this lip.  
 Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quicke: Me thinkes I heare

*Anthony* call: I see him rowse himselfe  
 To praise my Noble Act. I heare him mock  
 The lucke of *Cesar*, which the Gods giue men  
 To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:  
 Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title.  
 I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements  
 I giue to baser life. So, haue you done?  
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lippes.  
 Farewell kinde *Charman*, *Iras*, long farewell.  
 Haue I the Aspicke in my lippes? Dost fall?  
 If thou, and Nature can so gently part,  
 The stroke of death is as a Lovers pinch,  
 Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still?  
 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world,  
 It is not worth leaue-taking.  
*Char.* Dissolue thicke cloud, & Raine, that I may say  
 The Gods themselves do weepe.  
*Cleo.* This proues me base:  
 If the first meeete the Curled *Anthony*,  
 Hee'l make demand of her, and spend that kisse  
 Which is my heauen to haue. Come thou mortal wretch,  
 With thy sharpe teeth this knot intricate,  
 Of life at once vntye: Poore venomous Foole,  
 Be angry, and dispatch. Oh could'st thou speake,  
 That I might heare thee call great *Cesar* Ase, vnpoliced.  
*Char.* Oh Easterne Starre.  
*Cleo.* Peace, peace:  
 Dost thou not see my Baby at my breast,  
 That suckes the Nurse asleepe.  
*Char.* O breake! O breake!  
*Cleo.* As sweet as Balme, as soft as Ayre, as gentle.  
 O *Anthony*! Nay I will take thee too.  
 What should I stay— *Dyes.*  
*Char.* In this wilde World? So fare thee well:  
 Now boast thee Death, in thy possession lyes  
 A last vnparall'd. Downie Windowes cloze,  
 And golden Phoebe, neuer be beheld  
 Of eyes againe so Royall: your Crownes away,  
 Ile mend it, and then play—  
*Enter the Guard rustling in, and Dolabella.*  
*1. Guard.* Where's the Queene?  
*Char.* Speake softly, wake her not.  
*1. Cesar* hath sent  
*Char.* Too slow a Messenger.  
 Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly seele thee.  
*1. Approach* hoo,  
 All's not well: *Cesar*'s beguiled.  
*2. There's Dolabella* sent from *Cesar*: call him.  
*1. What worke* is heere *Charman*?  
 Is this well done?  
*Char.* It is well done, and fitting for a Princeesse  
 Descended off so many Royall Kings.  
 Ah Soulaier. *Charman dyes.*

*Enter Dolabella.*

*Dol.* How goes it heere?  
*2. Guard.* All dead.  
*Dol.* *Cesar*, thy thoughts  
 Touch their effects in this: Thy selfe art comming  
 To see perform'd the dreaded Act which thou  
 So sought'st to hinder.

*Enter Cesar and all his Traines, marching.*

*All.* A way there, a way for *Cesar*.

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*Dol.*